

XIII.

*I intreat you, dear Liege, have a Care what you do ;
To Man, Woman nor Child he was never yet true ;
Shou'd you trust him, he'd serve you as ill, on my Life,
As he did his first Friends, as he did his first Wife.*

Derry down, &c.

XIV.

*Quoth our Liege, Wou'd you have Robin out — Is that all ?
I wou'd have, quoth the Duke, Sir, No Robbing at all.
Why Man ! quoth the King, on my troth you'll bereave
All my Court of its People, except 'tis my SHERIFF.*

Derry down, &c.

XV.

*Besides, who'll succeed him, because without Doubt,
You'd have some one put in sure, as well as put out ?
Then a Smile so obliging the Duke did display,
And made a low 'beyfance, as if — Who shou'd say.*

Derry down, &c.

XVI.

*Said our Liege, I respect your great Depth, on my Word ;
But to cast up vile Sums is beneath such a Lord.
As to that, quoth the Duke, I learnt it at School,
And can tell more than twenty — You know I'm no Fool.*

Derry down, &c.

XVII.

*Quoth our Liege with a Snear, tho' with Face right serene,
I believe, I by this time gueſs all that you mean.
Wou'd you have me hang Robin, and count my own Pelf ?
Oh no, quoth the Duke, — I'd be Robbing my ſelf.*

Derry down, &c.

1490. 1 5

THE
THIMBLE.
AN
HEROI-COMICAL POEM.
IN FOUR CANTOS.

Dedicated to
Miss ANNA MARIA WOODFORD.

CANTO *the First and Second.*

Virginibus puerisque Canto.

HOR.

By a GENTLEMAN of OXFORD.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.*

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Price One Shilling.

THE

THE NEW YORK



IN FOUR VOLUMES

Edited by

THE NEW YORK

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T O

Miss *ANNA MARIA WOODFORD.*

M A D A M,



AS the Subject of the following Poem naturally led me to inscribe it to one of your Sex, I found myself in a manner obliged to Dedicate it to You even without your Knowledge and Permission; and though I have not the Happiness to be personally acquainted with You, I could not but hope that the justness of the present Address would be a sufficient Apology for the Presumption of it. But though I may have the Misfortune to incur your Displeasure by offending your Humility, I shall, even under the sense of your Disapprobation, have the Satisfaction to reflect that I have been guilty of a very artful piece of Impertinence, since by inserting your Name before my Performance, I have taken the most effectual method to recommend it to the Publick.

Your

DEDICATION.

Your Handywork, Madam, which has been judg'd worthy a place among the choicest Curiosities of that famous University, of which I have the Honour and Happiness to be an inconsiderable Member, has render'd your Name immortal; and your nice Management of the Needle, that little, but important Implement of OEconomy, has intitled You to the Reputation of the compleatest Housewife in *Europe*; a Character to which all Virgins and Wives should aspire.

The Art of Needlework has in one respect an infinite Advantage over all others without Exception, I mean in point of Antiquity; it being the first that was instituted by the Authors of Mankind upon the Sense of their fatal Transgression; so incontestably true is it, that *Adam* was the first Taylor, and *Eve* the first Sempstress in the Universe.

Industry, Madam, is the surest Mark of Wisdom and good Sense, and however it may be discouraged at present, it has certainly been always so reputed by the sober part of Mankind.

Minerva was one of the most considerable of the Pagan Deities; yet this great Goddess of Arts and Arms, was suppos'd to be the finest Millener in the Heavens.

Every Tool of Art, how despicable soever in itself, may become subservient to our own Reputation and the Publick Good; and I believe

it

DEDICATION.

it may safely be said, that a Pin or a Needle in your Hands are Instruments of more use to Mankind, though less formidable, than an *Aristotle's* Pen, or an *Alexander's* Sword.

I have the Pleasure, Madam, to consider that, while I am writing a Panegyrick to your Honour, I have chose a Subject that must be agreeable to all my Readers; and at the same time I have the Mortification to reflect, that 'tis distasteful to yourself.

I shall therefore, Madam, trespass no longer upon your Patience, than to desire your Pardon for the Liberty I have taken, and to assure You that I am with the greatest Respect,

Your unknown humble Servant,



P R E F A C E.

I HAVE always consider'd a Preface as the Apology which an Author makes for his Performance; in which he has an undoubted Liberty of saying as much as he pleases in favour of himself. As I cannot therefore but be apprehensive of the Success of the following Piece, I must beg leave to take this comfortable Privilege, as well as my Poetical Brethren. The principal Circumstance I have to urge in behalf of this Poem, is, That it is the first Production of a young and unexperienc'd Author, (excepting a few trifling Pieces in the Magazines) and I am so far from bidding Defiance to the Criticks, that I address myself to them in the modest and submissive Terms of, By your Leave, Gentlemen.

As to the Poem itself, I have endeavour'd in some particular Passages to imitate the Manner of Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, upon a Presumption that the following so good a Pattern would be deem'd meritorious in so young a Writer as myself. I ought likewise to acknowledge, that I had in View the Episode of the Patten in Mr. Gay's Trivia. How far I have reach'd the Spirit required in this kind of Poetry, must be left to the Reader, to whose Candour and Judgment I submit the following Poem.

T H E

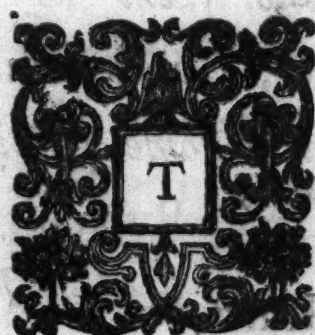


THE
THIMBLE.

AN
HEROICOMICAL POEM,

In FOUR CANTOS.

CANTO the FIRST.



THE Thimble's first Original rehearse,
My Muse, with all the pomp of lofty Verse;
Do thou, bright Queen of Love, my Lays in-
spire,
And kindle in my Breast poetick Fire;
Thou that o'er human Hearts supreme does reign,
From proud St. James's down to Drury-Lane,
Thy Gift I sing to Womankind bestow'd,
The Virgins Shield the Labour of a God!

When Ladies chief Concerns were Love and Play,
And trifling was the Bus'ness of the Day,
When few could find one useless Hour to spare,
To mend an Apron, or to say a Prayer:
Fannia, the fairest of the Female Race,
For Needle-work was fam'd in ev'ry Place;

Whether

8 *The* T H I M B L E.

Whether she work'd the particolour'd Flower,
Or twin'd the Silk into the shady Bower,
Here glow'd the spangled Firmament on high,
And all the Glories of the azure Sky:
Sometimes she copied from the Earth below,
The spotted Lap-dog, or the powder'd Beau;
Or form'd the Bird, or shap'd the slender Tree,
A whole Creation in Epitome!

* Envy itself was dumb in Wonder lost,
And Ladies strove who should applaud her most.
Each Morn she work'd, but work'd with nicest Care,
To save her Finger from the fatal Scar,
From ev'ry Blemish Virgins guard their Skin,
Dread the least Wound, and tremble at a Pin!
For yet no Armour Human Art had found,
To case the Finger Militant around,
And each intrepid Maid was wont to wield
The pointed Spear without the bossy Shield.

Now *Fannia's* Charms had swell'd the Trump of Fame,
And spread to distant Climates *Fannia's* Name;
Each cringing Fop around, her Smiles implor'd,
For though no Saint she lov'd to be ador'd!
Each sigh'd and wept, and vow'd her Love to gain,
But each had sigh'd, and wept, and vow'd in vain;
For *Fannia* triumph'd in her Beauties Arts,
And view'd with Scorn whole Hecatombs of Hearts,
But most respected was a well-bred Lord,
And most respected as he best ador'd;
'Twas he could all the tender Virgin move,
Smooth were his Words, for ev'ry Word was Love;
Loaded with Lace, and deck'd in silken State,
He strutted insignificantly great;

IMITATIONS.

* Envy itself was dumb in Wonder lost,
And Factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Mr. Addison's Campaign.

Affected

The THIMBLE.

9

Affected Pomp; and Equipage, and Shew;
And all the Nothings that compound a Beau!
He Danc'd, and Sung, took Snuff, and broke a Fan,
And at the best but border'd upon Man,
Refulgent Flambeaus blaz'd his gay Approach,
And wanton Cupids breath'd upon his Coach!
To *Venus* he renew'd the midnight Toil,
Incense perfum'd, and grateful Steams of Oil;
The Goddess listen'd to his ardent Prayer,
And gave him Wit enough ---- to please the Fair.
For oft' (forgive it *Phoebus*) would the Fool
Write a Love-Song most musically dull;
Oft' in high Strains his Fair One's Praise rehearse,
And crowd all Nature's Beauties in his Verse;
Did *Fannia* smile? The Sun blaz'd forth to View;
Did *Fannia* weep? 'Twas Morning's pearly Dew:
Whene'er she breathes the fanning *Zephyrs* blow,
And for her Breast the *Alps* sustain their Snow;
Compar'd with hers the fairest Blooms did fail,
The Lily redden'd, and the Rose turn'd pale.

* O Vanity, thou gaudy, tinsel Queen!
In Courts, in Cities, and in Country seen!
Eternal Fopperies in thy Presence reign,
And grinning Folly leads thy wanton Train;
Eas'd of its Load, ev'n *Dulness* grows more light,
And *Ignorance* looks chearful in thy Sight;
Thou mak'st th'unmeaning Face with Pride to glow,
Giv'st Brightness to the Fool, and Beauty to the Beau!

Yet *Cynthia's* Art was vain, tho' lik'd the best,
All he could boast, was, he was slighted least;
'Twas Rapture but to gain one balmy Kiss.
And fondly flutter round the Brink of Bliss:
Full of herself, his Wishes she deny'd,
And sacrific'd her Pleasure to her Pride;

IMITATIONS.

* O Liberty! thou Goddess, &c.

Mr. Addison's Letter from Italy.

C

Well

Well pleas'd impartial Favours to bestow,
On her lov'd Lap-Dog, and her fav'rite Beau!

Thus blest with ev'ry Joy this Life can boast,
The Lady's Envy, and the Coxcomb's Toast;
Possess of all a splendid Fortune brings,
Ten thousand useless, necessary things,
What could the Fair One's Peace of Mind annoy?
What could such solid Happiness destroy?

But ah! no Human Pleasures are sincere;
Is there an Eye that never shed a Tear?
Fate rules o'er all: at whose severe Decree,
O'er the rich Gown flow Deluges of Tea!
Fate hurls the Mighty down to deep Disgrace,
And plows with lasting Scars the smoothest Face;
O'er all things mortal acts with lawless Will,
And *Fannia* was, alas! but mortal still!

When now the Morn had chas'd dull Night away,
(O fatal Morn, and inauspicious Day!)
Fannia arose, and hail'd the grateful Light,
Shock'd at the horrid Visions of the Night,
Yet still strange Terrors all her Thoughts molest,
And Apprehension labour'd in her Breast;
Then, *Betty*, with dejected Look she cry'd,
(Three times on *Betty* call'd, and three times sigh'd)
Some dire Mischance awaits me, ere the Sun
Once more his Course from East to West shall run:
Fantastick Slumbers have disturb'd my Brain,
And rack'd my Senses with a wakeful Pain;
And mystick Dreams, (as bearded Matrons shew)
Are good Prognosticks, or the Types of Woe:
Sure at this time some baleful Planet reigns;
Didst thou not mark last Night the Coffee-Grains?
Methought the Taper's Flame was ting'd with Blue,
And a strange Coal from out the Embers flew.
Once as I wander'd in a lonely Grove,
When first my Thoughts began to teem with Love,

A wither'd

A wither'd Gipsy whisper'd in my Ear,
 " Misfortune shall attend thy Twentieth Year:"
 That fatal Period, that sad Year is come,
 And ev'ry Hour swells big with *Fannia's* Doom!
 Yet Oh! ye Pow'rs preserve me from Disgrace,
 Let me still keep my Virtue --- and my Face!
 O make my Bosom Proof to Love's Alarms,
 Protect my Youth, and shelter all my Charms.



CANTO the SECOND.

NO sweetly-flowing Tale, I now rehearse,
 But Scratches, Wounds, and Bloodshed stain the
 Verse!

Ye Veteran Band of Milleners give ear,
 And ev'ry Sempstress drop a pitying Tear;
 O listen to the melancholy Lay,
 While I recount the Horrors of the Day!

O for his Numbers, that describ'd the Shield
 Of great *Pelides*, issuing to the Field,
 Or clad in Arms, terrific from afar,
 Or rushing dreadful through the Ranks of War!

Lo! the bright Virgin in a luckless Hour
 Prepares to finish the last Embryo Flower;
 Six Needles in tremendous Range appear,
 Each a dire Emblem of the Warrior's Spear;
 Awhile she view'd them all, with careful Eyes,
 Then grasp'd a Jav'lin of enormous Size;
 Next, as impatient for the Toil she grew,
 Her shining Scissars from the Sheath she drew;
 Her Grandame's Gift, (as ancient Memoirs say)
 A just Reward for many a well-work'd Day!
 With active Haste her nimble Fingers move,
 And form the Bow'r, and shape the mimick Grove,

But

But as her Needle, with resistless Force,
 Through doubled Plaits push'd on its rapid Course,
 The treach'rous Weapon broke, the headless Dart
 Her Finger gor'd, and --- pierc'd her to the Heart!
 * The purple Blood distain'd her Arm around,
 And half her Soul came rushing through the Wound;
 Her blooming Face assum'd a livid Dye,
 And all the Light'ning languish'd in her Eye;
 Then as her Bosom glow'd with sudden Fire,
 She spurn'd her Lap-Dog in her peevish Ire;
 Across the Room with furious Speed she flew,
 And Tables, Chairs, and Cabinets o'erthrew:
 Her hideous Cries the vocal Walls resound,
 † Poll chatter'd, scream'd the Kitten, groan'd the Ground.
 So when the ‡ *Greek* that with Immortals strove,
 Wounded in impious Rage the Queen of Love,
 To Heav'n's high Roof the Goddess rais'd her Cries,
 And the harsh shriek ran thrilling through the Skies.

Here lay the Ruine of an ample Bowl,
 The Pride and Comfort of her Grandfire's Soul;
 This oft' inspir'd the loudly-sounding Jest,
 And crown'd with Jollity the *Christmas* Feast;
 Unhurt by midnight Broils, uncrack'd by Age,
 It fell, the Wreck of *Fannia's* heedless Rage.

At length fatigu'd with Anger, she survey'd
 The fatal Massacre herself had made;
 Then as she sat, all pensive, and alone,
 In secret Grief she made her piteous Moan:

 I M I T A T I O N S.

* The purple Blood distain'd his Arms around,
 And the disdainful Soul came rushing through the Wound.

Dryden's Virgil.

† Air blacken'd, roll'd the Thunder, groan'd the Ground. *Dryden's Fables.*

‡ Diomed. Ver. 336. *Fifth Book of the Iliad.*

So shuns a wounded Bird the feather'd Race,
And mournful in some solitary Place,
To Woods and Rocks he tunes the plaintive Lay,
And echoes waft the gentle Sounds away.

And Oh! she cry'd, Is this the dreadful Stroke,
Which Omens threaten'd, and which Visions spoke?
The Fates with Envy sure view Mortals Good:
Could nought suffice them but poor *Fannia's* Blood?
Alas! I feel my sinking Spirits fail,
My Bosom trembles, and my Cheek turns pale:
Where shall I fly? or, how shall I appear
And breathe my Scandal 'midst the circled Fair?
Old Maids will triumph with insulting Voice,
And Damsels with elated Hearts rejoice;
A sad Recluse, no longer must I roam,
But live perhaps six long whole Days at home:
Ev'n *Cynthia*, ere it heals, will spread my Shame,
Adieu to Love, to Conquest, and to Fame!
Did I for this my blooming Beauties deck,
With half the *Indies* sparkling in my Neck?
For this, before my Glass the Hours beguile,
And heave my Breast, and force the killing Smile?
Or bid my Cheeks with artful Blushes glow?
Or teach the wanton Tresses where to flow?
Could I not Tasks less dang'rous undertake?
Or form the Dumpling, or compose the Cake?
Or mould the pliant Paste with nicest Art,
And with high Ramparts fortify the Tart?
O blast that Day, ye Pow'rs, with Plagues severe,
When first my Fingers pois'd the pointed Spear!
Then may no Noise, no Shouts invade the Skies,
But ravish'd Maids Complaints, and Widows Cries:
Then be untun'd the Musick of the Spheres,
Then may no Fiddle glad the Dancers Ears;
Then be no Ballad sung with screaming Note,
Nor Musick warble in the Eunuch's Throat;

D

Then

Then may the Sun withdraw his chearful Light,
Nor glitt'ring Torches gild the Face of Night.

This said, with Silk her bleeding Flesh she bound,
While ev'ry Thought hung brooding o'er the Wound;
Her beauteous Bosom swell'd with many a Sigh,
And Tears of Crystal gush'd from out her Eye;
On *Poll* she cast a sad, desponding Look,
And patted *Daphne* with a feeble Stroke.

But now bright Lamps began the midnight Day,
And glaring Flambeaus drove the Stars away;
The Fair expects her Beau with anxious Fears,
When at his wonted Hour the Fop appears.
With conscious Shame her Finger she withdrew,
Nor durst expose the fatal Wound to View:
The flaming Lord observ'd with deep Surprize,
Her Cheeks disorder'd, and her big-swol'n Eyes:
Then sweet and tuneful as the dying Swan,
In soft condoling Words he thus began.

What fatal Loss? What sad distracting Care
Disturbs the Bosom of my charming Fair?
Lies some near Friend upon his dying Bed?
Or has the Light'ning struck thy Monkey dead?
Has the fell Mercer just produc'd his Score,
And having trusted long, will trust no more?
Or didst thou mark last Ev'ning at the Play,
A richer Virgin, or a Nymph more gay?
Say, does my Fair for brighter Gems repine?
Each *India's* choicest Diamonds shall be thine:
For thee the East its Treasures shall unfold,
And Earth unbosom all her Hoards of Gold:
O name thy Wants, and tell me thy Distress,
Care shall remove, or Pity make it less.
This said, and sure his Lordship said enough;
With Elegance he took a Pinch of Snuff.
Then thus the Fair. Words cannot speak my Grief,
Nor all the Pow'rs of *Hartshorn* bring Relief:

'Tis

'Tis thou and only thou, canst give me Aid,
 And skreen from sad Reproach a wretched Maid;
 If in each deep-fetch'd sigh, each falling Tear,
 Each solemn Vow thy Heart has been sincere,
 By faithful silence this Affection prove,
 And let thy Secrecy attest thy Love;
 Even *Fannia* sues this Favour to obtain;
 And *Fannia* sure, can never sue in vain.

She said, and fix'd her Eyes upon the Ground,
 And with a Blush disclos'd the reeking Wound.
 Shock'd at the sight of Blood, reply'd the Peer,
 'Tis done, and this was *Cynthia's* greatest Fear;
 Oft have I seen thy bright Embroid'ry shine,
 Oft have I curs'd the perilous Design;
 'Twas thine to flourish in the pride of State,
 Idly secure, and indolently great!
 Domestick Toils the servile Female grace,
 But all thy Glory centers in a Face;
 Beauty like thine, had nought to do with Arms,
 Nor suit such Conflicts with a Virgin's Charms.
 How rash was she that grasp'd the Needle first?
 Pernicious Weapon! Instrument accurst!
 * 'Twas this that once destroy'd a *British* Maid;
 Her Needle's Point to ling'ring Death betray'd;
 In those sad Vaults, where Horror spreads her Wings,
 Where rest the Bones of Poets, and of Kings;
 The hapless Fair in Marble Record stands,
 The Victim of her own industrious Hands!
 O call to mind her Life, and Beauty lost,
 Dread all edge Tools, but dread the Needle most.
 Why down thy Cheek descends the pearly Rill?
Fannia is wounded, but is *Fannia* still:

* Alluding to the Monument in Westminster-Abbey, of a Lady whose Death is said to have been occasion'd by the prick of a Needle.